

Wanted to Get Back to Safety in Mediterranean

(From Glasgow Herald) A naval officer with 30 years' service who was on leave in London recently said to a Fleet Street colleague: "I want to get back to 'safety' in the Mediterranean as soon as possible, for this bombing on land gets me down. I'm amazed at the way Londoners can take it. A Fleet manned by such people would beat any navy in the world."

Ashley Constructing Mill and Power House at Jerome

Ashley Gold Mines shareholders at the annual meeting were told that construction of mill and powerhouse at the Jerome Gold property, in which Ashley holds a 370,562-share interest, is going ahead rapidly. Power lines are expected to be finished by April 20. Shaft-sinking to open up two new levels is going ahead.

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Canadian Air Force Has Urgent Need for Radio Technicians

Men Will be Given Intensive Course Before Going to Britain.

The Royal Canadian Air Force has announced its urgent need of 2,500 "radio technicians," men who will be given a short intensive course in radio work and sent overseas to take their part in the ground defence against aerial attack of the British Isles.

For some months the R.C.A.F. has been recruiting skilled radio mechanics to take those posts but this source of supply seems to have been nearly exhausted.

It is now proposed to take untrained radio men, providing they have passed their junior matriculation, or attained the equivalent standard, to do this work. The age limit is from 18 to 45 with a preference for those between 20 and 27. The medical standards are not as strict as for those entering aircraft but call for sound health.

Men recruited as radio technicians will be posted to a Manning depot for one month's training and outfitting. Thereafter, they will be sent to one of 13 Canadian universities where their technical training will be undertaken.

The R.C.A.F. recruiting office explained that this would mean an intensive course of hard study lasting about 13 weeks, and much must be crowded into the short space of time allowed. A progress examination will be held five weeks after the start of the course so as to weed out those incapable of absorbing the instruction.

Men failing in this examination will be granted their discharge if they desire it or enabled to apply for other employment in the R.C.A.F.

Radio technicians will be regarded as aircraftmen second class standard group in the trade of Radio Mechanic. Graduates will be reclassified as leading aircraftman \$2.00. Commissions will be granted a small percentage of graduates possessing outstanding ability.

R.C.A.F. recruiting officers have been fully informed of this new requirement and are ready to receive all applicants.

Preventable Sickness is Really a Crime in War Time

Economic wastage and production losses from preventable sickness among industrial workers "becomes a crime in war time," Dr. J. G. Cunningham, Director of the Division of Industrial Hygiene, Ontario Department of Health declared this week in a survey of the division's work. "Production of guns, tanks and planes is dependent upon the conservation of labor when, under stress of war conditions, raw materials are available and competition is not a factor. The maintenance of personal health and of good conditions within the factory and out-

LONDON UNDER BOMBARDMENT

(By Greta Briggs in the London Daily Telegraph) I, who am known as London, have faced stern times before. Having fought and ruled and traded for a thousand years and more; I knew the Roman legions and the harsh-voiced Danish hordes; I heard the Saxon revels, saw blood on the Norman swords. But, though I am scarred by battle my grim defenders-vow Never was I so stately nor so well-beloved as now.

The lights that burn and glitter in the exile's lonely dream, The lights of Piccadilly, and those that used to gleam Down Regent street and Kingsway may now no longer shine. But other lights keep burning, and their splendor, too, is mine. Seen in the work-worn faces and glimpsed in the steadfast eyes When little homes lie broken and death descends from the skies. The bombs have shattered my churches, have torn my streets apart But they have not bent my spirit and they shall not break my heart.

For my people's faith and courage are lights of London town Which still would shine in legends though my last broad bridge were down.

side it are important, therefore," he said.

The Division, which is charged with the specific task of watching over the health of industrial workers in both peace and war time, was formed in 1920 after the neglect of factory man-power in the First Great War had aroused opinion to the need of industrial hygiene. Then, as now, for example, it was found that longer hours of work were not necessarily the answer to increased output.

Industrial hazards which the Division is combating, include communicable diseases, excessively high temperatures which prevent proper heat loss from the body, materials which cause local irritations when handled, and the handling, breathing, swallowing or absorbing through the skin of specific poisons.

Despite the rapid decline in the tuberculosis still causes more deaths than all other communicable diseases combined. Industrial work often involves close contact and in certain sedentary trades, like the garment trade, there is attracted the type of worker who has already developed or who is prone to develop tuberculosis. Tuberculosis is also a hazard in any trade in which the worker is exposed to silica dust.

It has been found that many industrial plants do not know the chemical nature of the materials they use. In 17 factories inspected by the Division, for example, it was found all were making similar products in which was suspected the use of a volatile poison. But only three of the 17 had any knowledge whether they were using, might use or had used this poisonous material. The Division, by inspections, examination of workers and chemical analysis removed the hazards for the whole group.

"There are many plants where poisonous materials are used without any adept methods of control," said the survey.

Lord Haw-Haw's Father Dies from Heart Disease

(London Sunday Express) Lord Haw-Haw's father, Michael Joyce, has died suddenly in London.

Although reluctant to discuss his son's pro-Nazi broadcasts, he is known to have been bitterly opposed to them and to have considered them a slur on the family name.

Two of his other sons also came under the ban of the authorities. Quentin, an Air Ministry clerk till the outbreak of war, was interned for his propaganda activities, and Frank, formerly on the technical staff of the B.B.C., was arrested last summer by Special Branch detectives.

William (Haw-Haw) Quentin and Frank were members of the National Socialist League, a Fascist organization disbanded shortly before the war. A Dulwich cafe where William held Fascist meetings before he fled to Germany was recently destroyed by bombing.

A younger son and a daughter were



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PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

MICHAEL BOND - Former R. A. F. Officer who resigned his commission; Gossip connects him with some missing plans.

DELMA VIVIAN - Wealthy young woman who become tenant of Bond's family estate, Sunningholme Bond has also met her previously in peculiar circumstances on the Continent.

ANNA GREGORESCU - Daughter of Toni Gregorescu, a Rumanian, and acquaintance of Bond's.

MAJOR LTHEBRIDGE - Former subordinate to Bond. Now he is suspicious of Bond's sudden resignation.

GENERAL TANKERTON - Staff Officer with whom Bond formerly closely associated.

TONY FAREHAM - Bond's particular friend while in the Air Force. He remains loyal to Bond.

CHAPTER XVII (Continued) BOND'S STRANGE ACT

Bond took up the telephone. "I am speaking to Mister Bond?" barked a guttural voice through the receiver.

"In person, van Kronen." "I want to see you, and it must be arranged for this evening! I am staying of course with my old friend, Adolf Gunther, at Lord's Abbey—

"I guessed it." "You are too clever, are you not? Have you also guessed why I shall want to be speaking with you of such an urgency?"

"Doubtless the little matter of those Dutch bulbs we mentioned in my flat a few days ago? Or, are you anxious that I should come and smoke one of your fine cigars which are ornamented with your visiting-card?"

Guttural laughter echoed through the receiver. "Visiting-card is more correct, my friend!" the other replied adding with cynical meaning: "You will know the visiting-card I mean, the one which you shall bring to me. I am hoping—and my good friend, Adolf Gunther, is also hoping—that you already have that most useful passport—"

"You're singularly short of patience, van Kronen, don't you think?" Bond murmured on a note of satirical amusement.

"Patience?" the other flustered furiously. "I begin to think we waste already too much on you, Mister Bond. Already—so long—you are back here in your country, and no business doing of any consequence. Yet now, with the news so important as it is—"

"Be careful, van Kronen!" cautioned Bond. "This exchange may be worked automatically, but one never knows who may not be listening in! You're as indiscreet as impatient—"

"Pay attention if you please, to me!" thrust in the other. "We don't talk any longer now. It is necessary that I see you tonight, because tomorrow I must return to Holland—"

"How pleasant for you!" laughed Bond. "I can imagine you there, strolling so happily among the bulb plantations, keeping your Dutch courage up—"

"Listen! I am not amused! I will please arrive at the Lord's Abbey by ten o'clock tonight, where I and certain other business gentlemen desire some words with you. It will be necessary for you to enter by the lodge on the north-east side, giving only your number of the date of yesterday. Be also sharp to time, and—do not dare to meet us without that business proposition my friends and I shall require from you after such handsome payments in commission and expenses. Otherwise—"

"Well, van Kronen?" inquired Bond casually as silence fell.

The silence was abruptly broken by that little purring noise from the telephone, which indicates that the speaker at the other end must have rung off.

Bond still had in one hand the brown leather wallet, with the gilt official monogram, which he had found lying by the instrument, obviously forgotten by Fareham when telephoning to General Tankerton's house.

"Dashed careless of Tony!" Bond murmured drily to himself, and chuckled: "Most conveniently careless too! Easy enough now—"

The wallet was smallish, its contents having no great bulk. It and they fitted fairly easily in the capacious pocket inside the skirt of the roony country jacket he was wearing.

He began to move about the library, which was not only unlit as yet, but by now was steeped in the black, gathering shadows of evening. It was scarcely possible to see what he was doing, and a few moments later, he left by the door leading into the hall.

This too was as yet unlit, though having easier visibility, because of the large windows to the West, through which some daylight still poured. The hall was empty, with not even a servant in sight, as Bond passed quickly through it and ascended the big staircase to the bedroom he was occupying on this visit.

This was lit, though empty, but there was evidence that Welsh was about.

"I've got news, sir," he said, when he appeared. "I've been keeping my optics open, and doing a bit of scouting, and I've come across squint-eye and his boss, the Dutch gentleman lodger from

the flat below us, come down here bold as brass—"

"That's no news to me, Welsh. They're staying out at Lord's Abbey, as a matter of fact."

"Easy to lay hands on them then, sir, if you know that!" the other exclaimed. "And time they was fair copped, it is, if they're playing the game you mentioned to me up in London—"

"What I told you in London, Welsh, was entirely in confidence, don't forget! I did that because, as I think I said at the time, I wanted you to get me in the back when I happened not to know anyone was behind me."

"However, that possibility's over now," he went on, "at least so far as you could prevent it, Welsh. Tonight, I hope, the last act of this queer game will be played out. Tonight's the night, and what may happen—"

What happened immediately was that, without any warning, the bedroom door was suddenly thrust wide open from outside, Fareham appearing on the threshold. He looked pale and scared, and his voice was shaky as he spoke.

"Sorry to barge in like this, old man!" he apologized hoarsely. "A most ghastly thing has happened! You remember I went to the library a while back—it must be a good half-hour since by now, if not more—to 'phone Tankerton?"

"Why, of course, Tony! You told me afterwards that he wasn't at home, and you were going along later."

"Going along?" The other shrugged, his voice cracking as he spoke. "I'll be going along all right, and find myself for a court-martial! Those secret papers I was to hand over to him personally—they've gone—been stolen!"

CHAPTER XVIII The General Arrives

"How on earth could that have happened, Tony?" Bond asked unemotionally, in striking contrast with the agitation of the other.

Fareham gestured desperately. "When I went in there to use the 'phone, I must have laid the case on the writing-table, and forgotten all about it when I'd finished and gone out. I—"

"I never gave them a thought. I was interested in something I was discussing with Anna Gregorescu, and—well, it wasn't till I came upstairs about ten minutes ago to change that I remembered not having them with me. I went back to the library, and—no sign of them on the writing-table!"

"Don't get so flustered!" Bond soothed him. "They must be about, man! Maybe a servant moved them—"

"I've asked. None of the servants admits having been in there. Besides, it's evident that wasn't how they've gone. Someone got them from outside, came in by one of the French windows from the terrace. It had been left wide open—"

"I'll come down with you!" Bond interrupted him, making for the open door, and leading the way downstairs.

The butler and one or two servants were in the library, obviously engaged in search, though just as obviously without regard. Delma, who had been told of the trouble by someone in the household, was there too. She seemed to have just arrived, and was looking round.

The French window was, as Fareham had said, wide open, giving a glimpse of the black velvety night outside, like a sable curtain. Here and there in this little pin-pricks of light twinkled, those of the houses dotted about in the distance. The curtains were being thrown inward by the warmish night wind. Fareham pointed to these.

"That's what I noticed first when I came in," he said. "I'm pretty certain that window wasn't open at the time I was telephoning in here."

"It wasn't open either when I came in here to telephone myself a few minutes after you," Bond remarked, causing Fareham to turn and stare at him in surprise.

"You mean—you were in here directly after I was?" he questioned.

The servant who had called Bond from the car proved this, saying he had taken a call for Bond on the back-hall exchange and switched it through to be received by him in the library, having seen him later go there.

"Then they must have been there while you were in the room?" Fareham suggested, and Bond shrugged.

"I can't say. It was pretty dark in here, and I hadn't switched on the light. I just took my call—"

"Well, of course, if you'd noticed them there, you'd have brought them to me. Somebody outside has been after them. Probably just a common thief on the prowl. Didn't know what the case contained, thought it might mean money, got in and took it—"

He swung round on his heel, again with that gesture of description he had used upstairs. "I mustn't waste any time arguing how they've gone. Best think I can do is to face the old General with the facts, take my medicine—"

As he moved away towards the hall, the front-door bell uttered its loud electric whirr impatiently. A servant,

hurrying to open, presented Fareham with the prospect he had to face, and without leaving the house.

The General stepped in, smart in his well-fitting khaki, his face ruddy with a day in the fresh air. Two other men followed him in, one of them—Bond noticed at once—being Lethbridge.

"Ah—there you are, Fareham!" the General said. "I heard you'd been through to my place, and were here. You've something for me, I believe, from the War Office?"

Lethbridge's Opinion

Fareham, in low and very calm tones, explained the situation.

"I know quite well, sir," he ended. "I'm entirely to blame for letting that case out of my sight for a single instant. I must put up with the consequences—"

"The consequences to yourself—yes!" snapped the General severely. "But—what of the consequences to the country? Those papers, I was given to understand, were of the greatest importance and secrecy! Supposing they have been stolen by enemy agents, of which there are far too many knocking around?"

They were back in the library by now, the servants shut out, with Fareham describing afresh on the spot the way the situation had developed.

"And Bond here—you say, Fareham—was alone in this room with those papers?" interposed Lethbridge at this point of the story, and smiled meaningfully at the General as he said: "Well, of course, sir, one doesn't have to look much further, surely, remembering Bond's record of three years ago."

"Don't talk such nonsense, Lethbridge!" snapped the General, with sudden viciousness that it made the other start and stiffen in surprise. The General went on: "Let me remind you that Bond's record was largely—one might say entirely—blacked by rumour, by the tongues of people like yourself, who imagined they knew more than the War Office did. Let me remind you as well that the W.O. accepted his resignation, gazetting it without the very slightest reflection on his character or inferring any military disgrace."

"Again there's another point, General," Fareham in turn intervened. "There can't be the slightest question of suspicion over Bond in this matter. Quite apart from the fact that he's had the pluck to come back here and face everybody—especially people like Lethbridge who always has done everything to make Bond's name positively foul—he's my personal friend. Is it likely he'd get me into trouble, even if he was what Lethbridge tries to insinuate? I can't believe it."

"Personally, I've faith in Bond equal to yours, Fareham," the General agreed, but added: "The point is that important secret military papers have disappeared mysteriously from this room, and have to be traced—recovered, if possible. Nobody seems able to say who took them. It's supposed by you, Fareham, they were stolen by somebody coming in from the terrace—"

"Whoever took them knew not only of their existence, but where, when and how to get their hands on them. It doesn't look at all to me as if it was just a chance raid by someone from outside—as you've suggested, Fareham—someone looking for valuables, and making off with official documents."

"However," he went on, "I must get in touch with the W.O. and let them know what's happened. Meantime—if you don't mind, Miss Vivian—we'll have the police in, get them to go into the matter more thoroughly, see if they can find out anything."

"Of course I've no objection, General!" Delma at once assured him.

"Not that I think the police are going to do any good when they get here," she remarked to Bond when they were left alone, and took a sudden little step towards him, speaking under her breath: "Unless of course the person who took the papers puts them back again."

He looked down at her, obviously a little surprised by the sudden vehemence behind her voice.

Exchange—A woman in the west shot her husband because he made her pull a plow in the field. The husband didn't use good horse sense.

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